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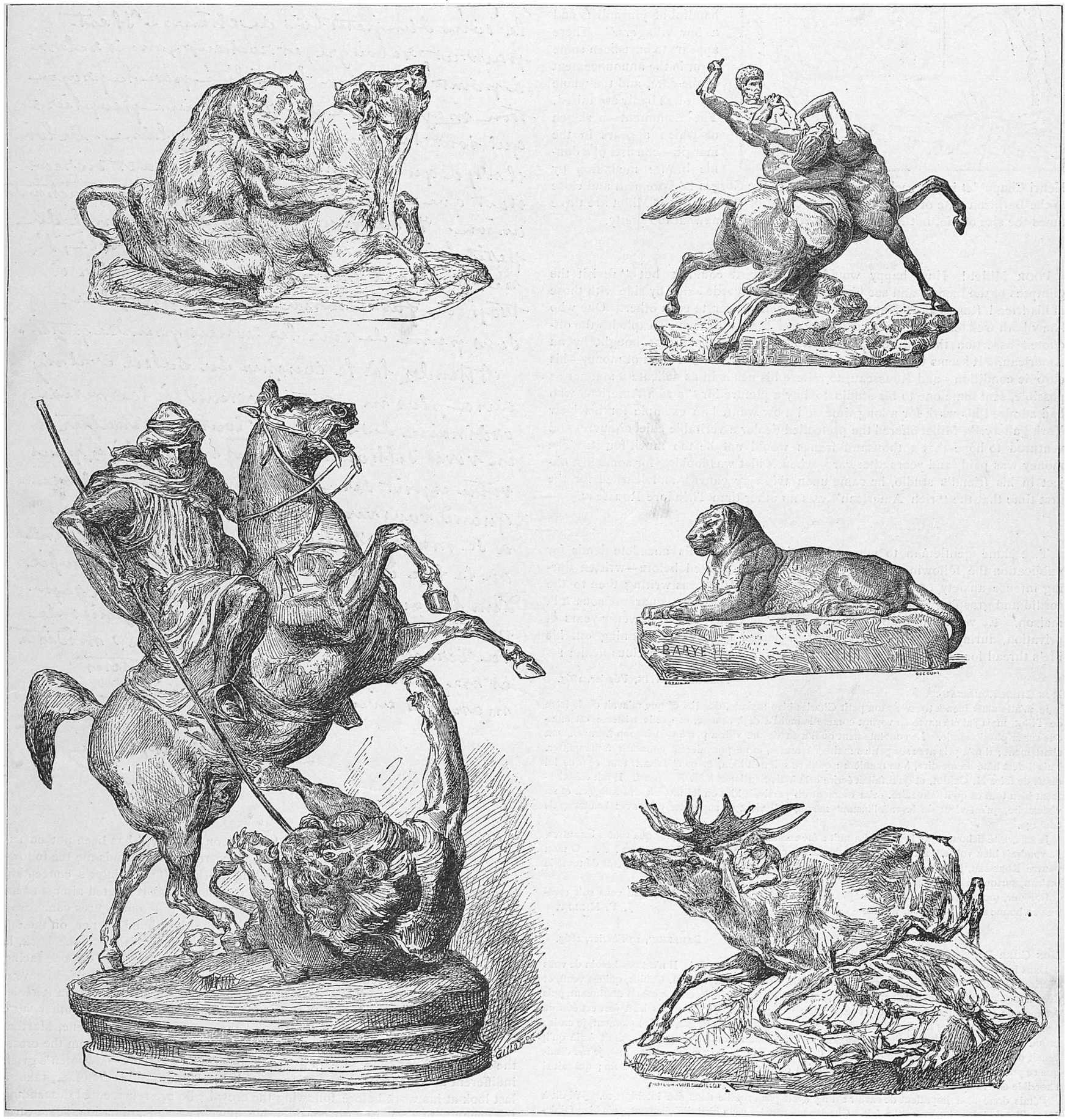
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THE ART AMATEUR
A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

VOL. XI.—NO. 1. NEW YORK, JUNE, 1884. Price 35 Cents. With 18-page Supplement.



SOME OF THE BARYE BRONZES IN AMERICA.

LIONESS. ARAB KILLING A LION. THESEUS SLAYING A CENTAUR. BEAR AND BULL. ELAND AND LYNX.

(SEE "MY NOTE BOOK," PAGE 3.)

[Copyright by Montague Marks, 1884.]

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Much Ado About Nothing.



THE unveiling of the monument to the memory of Théodore Rousseau and Jean François Millet in the forest of Fontainebleau on Easter Monday was a very meagre ceremony, and it took place in the presence of "a mere handful of journalists and a few villagers." There appears to have been some error in the announcement of the date, and the whole affair was badly organized. The monument—a sketch of which appears in the margin—consists of a double bronze medallion by Henri Chapu, let into a rock at the entrance of the Gorges D'Aprement and close to the Barbizon gate of the forest. The heads of Rousseau and Millet are three times the size of life, but M. Chapu has made them somewhat too pretty.

* * *

POOR Millet! How happy would be his spirit could it but "revisit the glimpses of the moon" and see his features here recorded side by side with those of his friend Rousseau! Never were two men dearer to each other. One who knew both well tells a characteristic story of the latter, which explodes the oft-quoted assertion that Millet's first picture of importance was bought by an American. It seems that Millet was terribly distressed from want of money—his chronic condition—and Rousseau, to relieve his needs in as delicate a manner as possible, sent some one to his studio to buy a picture for "a rich American who had admired his work for a long time and now wanted an example for his New York gallery." Millet offered the pretended dealer a veritable chief d'œuvre, and ventured to hope that a thousand francs would not be too much for it. The money was paid, and years afterward, when Millet was looking for some lost object in his friend's studio, he came upon this very canvas, and learned for the first time that the "rich American" was no other than Théodore Rousseau.

* * *

THE same gentleman to whom I am indebted for this anecdote lends for publication the following letters, by Millet—never printed before—written during intense anxiety on account of a sick child. Millet was writing then to the sordid and grasping Sensier: "Songez que nous n'avons pas quarante sous à la maison. Et voilà vingt ans que cela dure." Think of it! Twenty years of privation, during which time the great neglected genius was spinning out his life's thread for posthumous glory and the enrichment of an avaricious dealer:

VENDREDI MATIN, Février, 1865.

MON CHER ROUSSEAU:

Je m'attendais bien à trouver mon petit Charles bien malade, d'après ce que m'avait dit le frère de Tillot, mais j'ai été navré en voyant comme le mal l'a déjà changé, et quelle tristesse est étendue sur sa physionomie. Le contentement qu'il a eu de me voir a percé tout-à-coup à travers son abattement; il m'a pris avec ses petites mains fièvreuses, et ne pouvait pas consentir à me quitter. Puis il s'est hâté de me dire, à sa manière: qu'il se soignait bien, et qu'il faisait tout ce que lui disait de faire M. Caillot, et qu'il fallait écrire celà à M. Sensier et à M. Rousseau. Il fait effectivement bien tout ce qu'il faut faire. Au moment où j'arrivais hier on lui mettait des sangsues et un vésicatoire, qu'on vient de lever à l'instant même, et il vient de supporter celà avec beaucoup de courage.

Je suis resté debout toute la nuit. La nuit a été excessivement agitée, et plus que toutes les autres. Je voudrais bien voir encore quatre jours de passés, car comment vont-ils se passer? . . . O mon pauvre Rousseau, je suis tout enveloppé de noir. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire l'état de toute la maison, surtout la mère.

Bonjour, mon cher Rousseau. J'imagine et surtout j'espère que Mme. Rousseau vous soit revenue en bonne santé. Bonjour à tous. J. F. MILLET.

* * *

BARBIZON, 19 Février, 1865.

MON CHER ROUSSEAU:

Dans la nuit de Vendredi à Samedi nous avons cru que tout était fini. Il n'est pas besoin de vous décrire l'horrible crise que ce pauvre Charles a eue. On a couru chez M. Caillot, qui est venu, et dont nous n'avons tiré que: "dame! on ne peut rien dire." Enfin, la crise a été en diminuant, puis est venu un grand abattement, avec la respiration très pénible. Je redoutais bien fort cet état de grande torpeur dont les médecins avaient parlé, et dont on ne revient pas, qu'ils nomment, je crois: coma. J'avais d'autant plus peur que ce pauvre Charles, au moment de sa crise, s'était écrié qu'il venait de voir une grande femme qui voulait l'emmener pour le mettre dans un trou, et je me disais que ce pourrait bien être le pressentiment que les êtres ont des approches de leur fin; qui sait si l'horrible enleveur ne se montre pas visible à eux?

J'étais donc bien impatient de savoir s'il n'y avait pas brouille dans son intelligence. J'ai dit à M. Caillot de lui parler, ce qu'il a fait. Charles a ouvert les yeux bien difficilement, puis bien faiblement il a dit: "M. Caillot!" Puis il se trouvait là un des Bertrand qu'on appelle Cogniard, qui était allé chercher M. Caillot. Charles l'a aperçu et lui a dit: "Bonjour, Cogniard!" Jugez comme nous avons été contents, puisque ce n'était pas au moins cet affreux coma! Depuis ce moment il a été successivement beaucoup mieux, et hier, Samedi, toute la journée, quoique très fièvreux, il nous a parlé, nous disant que sa tête ne lui faisait presque plus de mal. Le médecin de Fontainebleau est venu, qui lui a trouvé le pouls meilleur, et nous a dit que, sans y compter absolument, il y avait pourtant de l'espoir. La journée a continué bonne, et la nuit, que je redoutais beaucoup, a été très-bonne. Ce matin il est tranquille, et dit qu'il ne souffre plus. Pourvu que ce ne soit pas une traitrise de la maladie. Enfin, nous sommes en cet état où on rit à travers les larmes. Si vous étiez là, nous vous embrasserions bien fort.

Enfin, il ne faut pas crier Victoire! mais Espoir! Nous vous embrassons (moralement) bien fort, certains que nous sommes du plaisir que vous aurez des nouvelles que je vous donne.

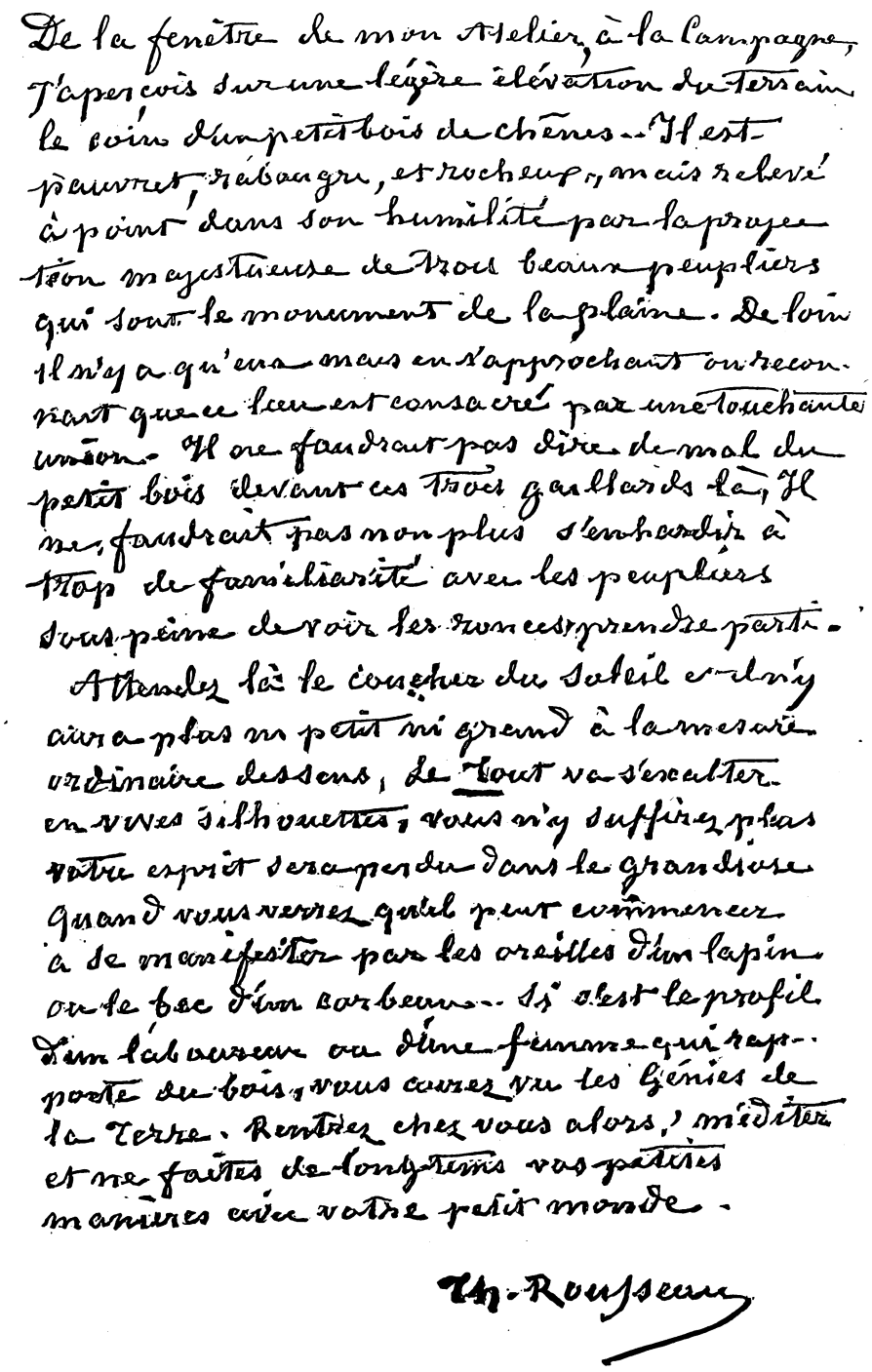
A vous, mon cher Rousseau,

J. F. MILLET.

Dites-nous aussi comment vous allez.

* * *

It happens that just now I have the privilege of reproducing, in fac-simile, the accompanying pen picture by Rousseau, which is also published for the first time. It is in a very different vein from the anxious plaint of poor Millet. Indeed, the contrast it presents in its joyousness is quite striking. The original, written upon half a sheet of letter paper, is in the possession of a New York gentleman:



De la fenêtre de mon Atelier, à la campagne, j'aperçois sur une légère élévation de terrain le coin d'un petit bois de chênes... Il est pauvret, rabougri, et rocheux, mais relevé à point dans son humilité par la prosopée ton majestueuse de trois beaux peupliers qui sont le monument de la plaine. De loin il n'y a qu'eux mais en s'approchant on reconnait que ce lieu est consacré par une touchante union. Il ne faudrait pas dire de mal du petit bois devant ces trois gaillards là, Il ne faudrait pas non plus s'embarquer à trop de familiarité avec les peupliers sous peine de voir les troncs se prendre partie.

Attendez là le coucher du Soleil et il n'y aura plus ni petit ni grand à la mesure ordinaire des sens, le tout va s'exalter en vues silhouettes, vous n'y suffirez plus votre esprit sera perdu dans le grandiose quand vous verrez quel peut commencer à se manifester par les oreilles d'un lapin ou le bec d'un corbeau... Si c'est le profil d'un laboureur ou d'une femme qui rapporte du bois, vous aurez vu les Génies de la Terre. Rentrez chez vous alors, méditez et ne faites de longtemps vos pâtées manières avec votre petit monde.

Th. Rousseau

* * *

MUNKACSY'S colossal new canvas, "Christ on Calvary," has been put on exhibition at Sedelmeyer's gallery in Paris. A correspondent sends me the following notes of criticism about this interesting work: "The painter's conception has certain points of novelty, inasmuch as the mere cross is treated almost as an accessory, while the crowd and the expressions of the different figures composing the crowd are made the centre of interest. In the right-hand corner, on the top of Calvary—a brown rocky elevation, beyond which, in the valley at the back, is indicated a town with mosques and domes—stand three crosses. On one facing three quarters the spectator is Christ—a Christ with blue eyes upraised heavenward, and with a cry of agony on his lips. On one side is a cross with on it a thief facing the spectator, and, a little at the back, another cross with the other thief, sideways to the spectator. At the foot of the cross, Mary Magdalene, Martha, Saint John and the Virgin; sitting on the ground a few feet away from the cross, the Roman soldier charged with guarding the victim looks at the women's grief, indifferent and stolid; the executioner, with his ladder on his shoulder, takes a last look at his work before following the crowd who are represented descending the declivity of Calvary with considerable movement and animation, some turning round to look at Christ with pity, others with irony and invective on their lips. The great effort and interest of the picture lies in this crowd—in the captain on horseback who turns half round in his saddle petrified by the agony of Jesus; in the two Pharisees, an old man and a young man, discussing whether the crucifixion was just or not; in the other Pharisee who runs away horrified, without daring to look back; in the figure on horseback in the middle-distance dominating with ferocious expression a surging rabble; in the figure of the young man in the foreground, turning round with astonishment and emotion at the last

words of Jesus' agony; in all the forty or fifty heads of this colossal canvas in which Munkacsy has exhausted his skill in rendering varieties of expression and play of physiognomy. Certainly the 'Crucifixion' is a remarkable composition; the conception is not commonplace and the execution is personal and powerful. Now here comes the reverse of the medal, the open window through which we see the insincerity, I had almost said 'the trick' of the work. The whole of the upper part of the picture is occupied by a murky black bituminous sky; the glimpse of landscape shown in the right-hand corner is so enveloped in gloom and shadow that at first you hardly distinguish what it really is; the foreground is dark brown rock and shingle; and it is on this general background of bitumen that Munkacsy groups his figures and obtains powerful effects of light by brutal contrasts, dashes of white, of pink, of yellow. This is pure trickery. Munkacsy never saw a real crowd that lent itself to such ingenious effects of light and shade; he never saw a cloud such as he has painted; he never saw a landscape such as he has painted. And the crowd! Here again the insincerity of the picture is brought strongly before us by the repetition of the same model six, seven or eight times in the crowd; and by the unconscious laying bare of all the arrangement of studio drapery and all the tinkering up of accessories necessary to reconstitute a scene of which we have no precise record and of which no picture can give a satisfactory representation. Far be it from me to deny Munkacsy's eminent qualities as a painter or to seek to diminish his talent. I only remark the fact that in his 'Crucifixion' as in his 'Christ before Pilate' the painter is working in a vein utterly out of harmony with the tendencies of modern art; he is not bringing a new note; on the contrary, he is resuscitating an art which reached perfection two centuries ago when it gave to humanity the utmost it could give of joy of emotion, of color, of line, of composition and of faith. Whatever Munkacsy may produce now in this direction must fatally be less good than the religious paintings of the old masters, for two reasons: first, Munkacsy has not their faith; secondly, he has not their genius."

DEFOER BEY, the well-known collector who paid $40,000 for Millet's "Angelus" has lately given up his Paris house, I hear, and has removed to Brussels, taking with him all his pictures, which include twelve Meissoniers, eight Rousseaus, and as many Corots, all fine examples of those masters. He has just added to his collection Meissonier's picture "Le Guide" which figured in the recent Exhibition Nationale and which was described last December in this magazine. "Le Guide" is an incident of the Republican wars of 1797. It is about 3 feet 6 x 3 feet, and represents a troop of grenadiers descending a sloping path through a birchwood and led by a peasant placidly smoking a carved wooden German pipe. The grenadiers come down full face to the spectator and consequently horses and men are all foreshortened in a wonderful manner. This picture was sold to Defoer Bey for $60,000 through the dealer George Petit who has the monopoly of Meissonier's work.

MR. W. T. WALTERS, of Baltimore, who owns the only copy known of A. L. Barye's bronze "Tiger Hunt in India," which was made for the Duc d'Orleans and bought at the sale of his effects, has just bought, through Mr. George A. Lucas in Paris, a correspondent informs me, ten of the finest bronzes of the great sculptor and animal painter. Seventy-eight of Barye's models were recently sold at auction at the Hôtel Drouot, producing a total of 76,765 francs. These models are bronzes worked over and chiselled by Barye himself, cut into the requisite sections for casting, and simply keyed together—the models, in short, that serve to make the moulds for the modern reproductions or proofs. All that is necessary to render these models proofs of prime excellence is to take out the keys and solder the parts together. The complete work of Barye consists of about 230 pieces, the models of which, with right of reproduction, were sold by auction after Barye's death at the sale of February, 1876. Of these models 105 were bought by M. Barbedienne who still has them, 15 by M. Delafontaine, 78 by M. Brauer and the rest by private individuals. The lot recently sold in Paris together with the right of reproduction consisted of those belonging to M. Brauer.

THE Corcoran Gallery at Washington has a very fine collection of the works of Barye, namely some 130 groups which were selected by Mr. Lucas during Barye's lifetime and which in Barye's own estimation formed "the most important collection in existence." The next best collection is that of the Museum of Bordeaux. Among the most important private collections of Barye's works in Paris are those of Sichel, Gérôme the painter, Lucas and Bonnat.

THE first water-color by Barye is the "Lion and Serpent" in the Walters collection, a work which Mr. Walters bought twenty years ago for a price which the artist's wife characterized as "very, very high." "If M. Barye could not get a very, very high price for it, he would not part with it," she said. "What is the price?" asked Mr. Walters. "M. Barye wants one thousand francs!" Mr. Walters paid the high price and for his water-color he could now get in Paris 20,000 fr. any day. It is curious to compare poor Barye's own price lists with the prices that fine proofs of his works now fetch in public sales. In 1855, for instance, he asks 250 fr. for "Gaston de Foix;" 350 fr. for the "Arabs Killing a Lion;" 220 fr. for the "Indian on an Elephant Crushing a Tiger;" 700 fr. for "Angélique and Roger;" 200 fr. for the "Horse Surprised by a Lion;" 550 fr. for the "Stag pulled down by Deer-hounds."

TO show how rapidly the fame of Barye is growing my Paris correspondent sends a list of the prices paid for the principal groups at the recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot together with the prices paid by M. Brauer at the sale in 1876. The latter are inclosed in brackets; the first figures indicate the height of the group and the length of the plinth in centimetres. A centimetre, it may be remarked, is about two fifths of an inch: Equestrian figure, "Gaston de Foix," 37 x 30 c., 2100 fr. [Barye sale in 1876, 1020 fr.]; "Two Arab Horsemen Killing a Lion," 37 x 40 c., 2500 fr. [450 fr.]; "Arab Horseman Killing a Lion," 39 x 29 c., 2350 fr. [830 fr.]; "Arab Horseman Killing a Boar," 25 x 30 c., 1050 fr. [370 fr.]; "Indian on an Elephant Crushing a Tiger," 29 x 35 c., 1700 fr.; "Elephant Crushing a Tiger," 23 x 35 c., 1950 fr.; at the sale in 1876 these two last groups were sold together in one lot for 1250 fr.; "Angélique and Roger Mounted on the Hippogrif," 53 x 67 c., 3700 fr., at the sale of 1876 this important group was sold with nine other objects, candelabra, incense-burners, etc., together for 1500 fr.; at this present sale the same lot of miscellaneous objects alone sold for 1800 fr.; "Tiger Devouring a Gavial," 42 x 1m. 5 c., 5200 fr.; the same group, 20 x 51 c., 2800 fr.; in 1876 these two groups together sold for 720 fr.; "Tiger Surprising an Antelope," 35 x 53 c., 3050 fr. [2400 fr.]; "A Jaguar Walking," 25 x 37 c., 1500 fr. [550 fr.]; "Wounded Boar," 16 x 25 c., 300 fr., "Another Wounded Boar" forming the pair, 16 x 25 c., 340 fr.; in 1876 these two were sold together for 250 fr.;—"Wolf Walking," 24 x 32 c., 600 fr. [200 fr.]; "Bull Knocked Down by a Bear," 30 x 39 c., 920 fr., [430 fr.]; "Monkey Riding on a Gnu," 23 x 25 c., 480 fr.; "A Gnu," 19 x 22 c., 380 fr.; the two together sold in 1876 for 235 fr.; "Bear Pulled Down by Dogs," 27 x 36 c., 800 fr. [410 fr.]; "Bear Flying from Dogs," 31 x 29 c., 1400 fr. [400 fr.]; "Bear in a tree Eating a Monkey," 20 x 24 c., 510 fr. [150 fr.]; "Bear Standing on his Hind Legs," No. 1, 25 x 12 c., 430 fr.; same No. 2, 440 fr.; in 1876 the two together 730 fr.; "Crocodile Devouring an Antelope," 17 x 42 c., 880 fr. [390 fr.]; "Elephant of Asia," 14 x 16 c., 830 fr. [300 fr.]; "Horse Surprised by a Lion," 40 x 29 c., 3300 fr. [1290 fr.]; "Stag Pulled down by Deer-hounds," 50 x 40 c., 3000 fr. [900 fr.]; "Eagle Carrying off a Serpent," 13 x 6 c. 390 fr. [100 fr.]; "Inkstand," 15 x 34 c., 220 fr. [32 fr.]. Among other groups that sold for high prices were the "Lion and Serpent" in three sizes, 60 x 75 c., 4000 fr.; 26 x 25 c., 2650 fr.; 18 x 21 c., 1100 fr., and "Walking Lion," 28 x 36 c., 2280 fr. The above figures show how the appreciation of Barye's work is growing in France and the wisdom of the new purchases by Mr. Lucas for Mr. Walters's Baltimore collection.

QUITE notable has been the attention given to the fine arts by the New York clubs during the past season. The Lotos, the Century, and the Union League, besides their usual displays of contemporary art, have had important loan exhibitions of paintings owned by the members. The Lotos, also, with the co-operation of the American Archæological Society, gave a very interesting numismatic exhibition—the first ever held in a New York club-house—and a few weeks later the Union League followed with a similar display, and, in addition, an exhibition of etchings and engravings, supplemented by an illustrated lecture on the subject by Professor Stillman, delivered before the members and guests of both sexes.

IN its exhibition of prints, the Union League Club was anticipated a few days by the Grolier Club, a new and successful social organization, which owes its being chiefly to Mr. Arthur B. Turnure, editor of The Art Age, a beautifully printed monthly publication devoted to the advancement of artistic book-making in America. Etching enters largely into the art of the bibliophile of to-day, and it was a good idea for the Grolier Club to make the feature of the opening exhibition at its rooms an exhibition of classic examples of the masters of the burin and the needle. Specimens of paper and printing and some engraved metal plates for stamping were also shown and a few examples of good American binding. It is to be hoped that this first essay by the Grolier Club may be followed before long by a special exhibition of artistic book-bindings with—if they are to be found—examples, with the cachet of the king of the craft who gives the club its name.

ANOTHER club has lately entered the field of art competition with the Lotos, Century, and Union League. This is the Calumet Club, whose charmingly appointed and admirably managed little home is in Thirtieth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue. Its recent exhibition of portraits was very creditable to Mr. Chase and Mr. Beckwith, who had chief charge of it. Among the most interesting features were portraits of Miss Verplanck, by Copley, of Margaret Oliver, by Peale, of sweet Mary Woolstoncraft, by Opie, of Daniel Webster, by Harding, of Franklin, by Benjamin West, of Sir William Drummond Stuart, by Inman, of William Constable and Roswell Oliver Colt, by Gilbert Stuart, of Mrs. James Arden, by Jarvis, and of handsome John Vanderlyn, by himself. Taking, as a whole, these examples of representative native portrait painters of the past—interesting as they are—it must be admitted, I think, that we have better artists to-day.

THE best work of our modern men, however, is certainly not shown in the little collection which supplements this list. Mr. Chase's clever portrait of Miss Dora Wheeler is here; it is very well hung, and looks much better than it did at the Salon last year. His James Watson Webb hardly improves on acquaintance; it is dry and lifeless, and does not seem to hold together. Excellent in color, and generally more worthy of Mr. Chase's reputation, is his portrait of a young woman in black and red—if I remember aright—and posed against a red background. J. Alden Weir's well-known portraits of his father and of Richard Grant White are here; George W. Maynard shows his "Dr. Maynard," and Francis Lathrop has two canvases. Mr. Beckwith shows no picture; and Eastman Johnson, Thayer, Neal, Rosina Emmett, and others of our best living portraitists are conspicuously absent.

AMONG the little display of sculpture nothing was so charming as the bronze plaques of children's portraits in bas-relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. With such examples of his skill in delineating the subtle curves and dimples of baby features, one would think that his studio would be besieged by fond mammas. It must not be forgotten to mention the very fine collection of daguerreotypes of the American Congressmen of 1853 at this Calumet Club exhibition. While fully

recognizing the immense strides that have been made in the photographer's art, I confess that these old-fashioned glass positives, with all their glitter, have a peculiar charm to me. They seem, also, to last better than the ordinary pictures printed from negatives. This collection is certainly very well preserved.

* * *

AT the hour of going to press the rather important collection of paintings owned by Mr. H. L. Dousman, of St. Louis, is being dispersed at Leavitt's auction rooms. Among the best-known pictures are: "The Lesson in Harmony," by Aubert; "Temptation of Saint Anthony," by Louis Leloir—said to be the original—and a replica of "The Roll Call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror," "Christians at the Tomb of the Virgin," by Lecomte Du Nouy; "Beleaguered," by De Neuville; "Jeunes Bohémiennes," by Bouguereau; a small copy—or perhaps the study—for the Head of an Oriental Woman, by Carolus Duran, which was damaged at the Lotos Club fire last year, and Madrazo's admirable "Sortie du Bal Masqué." Numerous other painters as well known as those already named were represented more or less creditably. An alleged Millet—a water-color of a woman churning—is actually a Millet composition, and, as it is duly signed, I suppose that it was also painted by him; but it is, in the handling, unlike any authentic work of his I have ever seen. A smudgy little canvas signed "Corot" is not worse than scores of others bearing the same label of genuineness. There is a pretentious and silly illustrated catalogue, which will hardly help to sell the pictures.

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THE balloting by artists for the award of the Clarke and Hallgarten prizes for the best pictures in the New York Academy of Design has resulted in a way that is generally regarded as eminently just. Charles F. Ulrich's "In the Land of Promise" took the Clarke prize of $300 for the best figure subject, and the Hallgarten prizes of $300, $200, and $100 for the best pictures in oil were won respectively by Louis Moeller's admirable "Puzzled," C. Y. Turner's "Miles Standish's Courtship," and W. Bliss Baker's Landscape. The competition was open only to artists American by birth and under thirty-five years of age.

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THOSE who remember the charm in form and color of some of the plaques and vases from the Matt Morgan Pottery Company shown at the Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition, where they were seen publicly for the first time in New York, will be glad to know that the ware will soon be in the market. A large stock was brought on from Cincinnati a week or two ago by Mr. Bloom, president of the company, who, experimentally, took a year's lease of rooms in Murray Street, and invited the trade and the press to come and see the ware. One of the first callers was a member of the firm of L. Straus & Sons, who bought the entire stock, gave a large order for more, and arranged to become sole agent for the Matt Morgan pottery for the Eastern States. Mr. Straus of course knows what will sell. That is his business. But better still he has recognized the artistic merit of this ware. He knows that persons of very moderate means cannot afford to buy the highest class of imported faïence and he sees in this American pottery an excellent substitute.

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MATT MORGAN is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a clever artist. His colored cartoons in The Tomahawk attracted much attention in England, but that lively journal was a little ahead of the times, and financially it was a failure. At the close of its career Thomas Nast had reached the height of his success by his cartoons of the Tweed Ring, and Frank Leslie wanted a match for him for his own illustrated newspaper. Matt Morgan was the man for him, and he was engaged at a large salary. But his cartoons did not "take," which was not surprising: an Englishman newly arrived in a foreign country could hardly be supposed to grasp the social and political ideas of the people by intuition. Moreover, no artist ever made a reputation on any of Frank Leslie's publications. Joseph Keppler for years was the chief cartoonist for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and the public knew and cared nothing about him. As soon as, freed from leading strings, he brought out his admirable cartoons in Puck—after the manner of Matt Morgan's in The Tomahawk—his fortune was assured, and to-day he is without a rival.

* * *

BUT this is diverging from the subject of Matt Morgan. Quitting illustrated journalism he turned his attention to his old calling of scene-painting, and some of the best drop curtains and stock "sets" in New York theatres testify to his skill in this direction. But better fortune was in store for him. He was called to Cincinnati to superintend the artistic department of a great lithographic establishment, and there he is to-day earning a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, with some fifty artists working under him.

* * *

MR. MORGAN took to experimenting in pottery as a pastime. He had travelled extensively in Spain, and had long desired to revive in America the beautiful forms so common there in water-jars and vases handed down from the Moorish civilization of centuries ago. Such classic outlines as are to be found in old Hispano-Moresque vessels, with the modern French underglaze decoration—with which the name of Limoges is identified in this country—he rightly considered a thoroughly artistic basis for his experiments. The results of several years of study in this field are now seen, and he is to be congratulated upon them. In the immediate neighborhood of Cincinnati he has found the finest quality of clay of excellent tints which, in some of his vases, he has wisely left in its natural color, adding merely arabesques in metallic effects for decoration. In the space at present command it is not possible to speak in detail concerning the Matt Morgan pottery. But a word can further be said, in passing, concerning the bas-reliefs in terra-cotta which he calls "cameo-ware." They resemble "Wedgwood" in appearance, but instead of being attached to the clay body the decoration is made in the same mould with the body and the coloring matter of the ground, which seems to throw up the cameo in higher relief, is mixed with the clay and all is fired at once. The subject is interesting, and perhaps will be considered at length in some future number of this magazine.

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ELIHU VEDDER'S brother artists in New York are delighted with a set of photographs he has sent from Rome to the Tile Club of fifty drawings he has just completed for James R. Osgood & Co., to illustrate a superb edition of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khay Yàm, the Persian astronomical poet. These drawings, which are to be reproduced by the Albertype process, quarto size, are in every way worthy of Mr. Vedder, and I am much mistaken if their publication does not greatly enhance his reputation; for they show at once knowledge of composition, poetic feeling and imagination of a high order. MONTEZUMA.

THE GEORGE FULLER PAINTINGS.

WE have just seen a letter written by George Fuller to a young man, a stranger to him, who asked his advice about becoming a painter. Can you fight, he asks the inquirer, and can you wait? It is not a matter to give or to take advice upon, he goes on to say; success in art is "a matter of constitution" and of staying power in tiring out the difficulties that beset one. To paint only for the purpose of making money or even a living is a poor outlook, he adds; the only thing that makes painting worth while is something in your mind that you must express, that forces you to express it, whether or no. These were Fuller's most sincere personal convictions, expressed in a private letter, written not long before his death. The memorial exhibition in the Boston Art Museum bears witness to the earnestness of his counsel to the young man. He certainly must have found his earlier period of labor in art fruitless and unsatisfactory enough. So long as he was following it as a business of portrait-painting and of picture-making it must have been as barren of artistic gratification as of pecuniary compensation, to judge from the works of that period exhibited in this collection. It is well that they had been hung in a separate room from the productions of the later period, for they made as it was a harsh and surprising discord—hard in line, cheap in color, and thin in handling—with the richly sweet creations of the days after he had determined to work out the highest thought that was within him, instead of setting down the mere facts before him. However, they testified at least to this much, that he had always worked conscientiously and hard, and learned his trade as draughtsman and painter faithfully and well in his 'prentice days. One had some respect for these forbidding, strange, almost incredible Fullers, for they were certainly respectable. Yet the artist had evidently not found his true self in those days, had not arrived at conviction as to the golden rule of art which he imparted in his latest life to his young questioner, that the only thing that makes painting worth while is trying to express the something peculiar to one's self that forces one to express it.

The line drawn between the two period's of Fuller's work is sharply enough defined, but there is a broad, neutral territory, so to speak, a fallow interval of a decade and a half, during which he appears to have produced nothing of importance. The last work in his old academic manner was sent out about 1860; the first examples of the new style that he had evolved, in his rural retreat, under the necessity of expressing the something peculiar to him pressing for utterance made their appearance in Boston in 1876. There is nothing, or next to nothing, worthy of him between these dates to record his transition from one style to the other. To the credit of the critics and connoisseurs in New York and Boston, the new star arisen was at once hailed as signifying a prince of art, and his consideration has gone on increasing from that day to this. Fortunately for the public, the pictures which compose the collection for sale in Boston by the administrators of his estate belong to the ripened refinement of his best years. Separated from the rest they gain in impressiveness. Here are "And She was a Witch," and "The Gatherer of Simples," "Girl and Calf," "Nydia," and that master-work, "Arethusa," with several of his most characteristic study heads and landscapes. In the "Gatherer of Simples" and "And She was a Witch," Fuller has added two leaves to the album of ideal pictures of Puritan New England, fit to be interleaved with Hawthorne's hitherto matchless renderings of the figures and the atmosphere of that weird, gruesome, yet fascinating, far-away chapter of history. The elegance and refinement of the figures and of the whole scheme of color and composition of these pictures are equal to their pathos and dramatic expressiveness in tragic significance. Fully rounded works of art are they, elevated, perfect, and irreproachable as art, whether considered for their form or for their contents. Only Hawthorne himself, again, can be thought of as equally sustaining to high ideals both in depth of thought and nobility of expression upon this well-worn theme. Besides such work as this, Boughton's delineation of Puritan subjects seems trivial, masquerading, and posturing. Their haunting, piercing, poignant sadness could only have come from a nature that was in subtle sympathy through birth in New England and nurture upon its historic soil in a primitive, unspoiled neighborhood. The oft-recurring catalogue phrase, "ideal head," in this collection, is a better description than is generally the case where the words are used. One never thinks of the model, one hardly can think of a model for such work, but dreams without check or limitation upon the infinite possibilities of the characters suggested. The "Nydia" and the "Arethusa" are certainly two of the most important works that ever left Fuller's hand, but they are not equally successful. Indeed, nowhere have his incapacity to express a comparatively simple and definite emotion and his imperfections of technique been more conspicuous than in this "Nydia," nevertheless very charming and touching and rich to a rare degree in his characteristic quality. But the "Arethusa" gives the contradiction flat and unequivocal to doubts of his capacity as to drawing and technique. Here is a nude, life-size almost, which seems able to defy technical criticism as to drawing, to challenge comparison with the greatest masters as to flesh tints and texture, yet to have paid dearly for this technical perfection by a distinct falling short in the spiritual significance which Fuller has given to his other principal figures. "Winifred Dysart's" face and the tender soul in it haunt one who sees it ever after. With "Arethusa" it will be the marvellously foreshortened knee of the chaste child-nymph and the tender yet firm maiden-flesh. There be those who can see this easier than spirit.